

### The Tragedie of Hamlet

Did forfait (with his life) all these his lands  
Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conquerour.  
Against the which a moitie comperent  
Was gaged by our King, which had returne  
To the inheritance of *Fortinbrasse*,  
Had he bin vanquisher; as by the same comarr,  
And carriage of the article desleigne,  
His fell to Hamlet; now Sir, young *Fortinbrasse*  
Of vnimprooued mettle, hot and full,  
Hath in the skirts of *Norway* heere and there  
Sharkt vp a list of lawelesse resolutes  
For foode and diet to some enterprisa  
That hath a stomacke in't, which is no other  
As it doth well appeare vnto our state  
But to recouer of vs by strong hand  
And tearmes compulsatory, those foresaid lands  
So by his father lost; and this I take it,  
Is the maine motiue of our preparations  
The source of this our watch, and the chiefe head  
Of this post hast and Romeage in the land.  
*Bar.* I thinke it be no other, but enso;  
Well may it sort that this portentous figure  
Comes armed through our watch so like the King  
That was and is the question of these warres.  
*Hora.* A moth it is to trouble the mindes eye:  
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,  
A little ere the mightiest *Iulius* fell  
The graues stood tennatlesse, and the sheeted dead  
Did squeake and gibber in the Roman streets  
As starres with traines of fier, and dewes of blood  
Disasters in the sunne; and the moist starre,  
Vpon whose influence *Neptunes* Empier stands,  
Was sicke almost to doomesday with eclipse.  
And euen the like precurse of feare euents  
As harbindgers preceeding still the fates  
And prologue to the *Omen* comming on  
Haue heauen and earth together demonstrated  
Vnto our Climatures and countrymen.

*Enter Ghost.*

### Prince of

But soft, behold, loe where it comes!  
Ile crosse it though it blast mee:  
If thou hast any sound or vse of voice  
Speake to me, if there be any good  
That may to thee doe ease, and good  
Speake to me.  
If thou art priuie to thy country's state,  
Which happily foreknowing may  
O speake:  
Or if thou hast vphoorded in thy thought  
Extorted treasure in the wombe of earth,  
For which they say your spirits do walch,  
Speake of it, stay and speake, stop it.  
*Mar.* Shall I strike it with my sword?  
*Hor.* Doe if it will not stand.  
*Bar.* Tis heere.  
*Hor.* Tis heere.  
*Mar.* Tis gone.  
We doe it wrong being so Maie  
To offer it the shoue of violence  
For it is as the ayre, invulnerable  
And our vaine blowes malicious.  
*Bar.* It was about to speake when  
*Hor.* And then it started like a full  
Vpon a fearefull summons; I haue  
The Cock that is the trumpet to the morn  
Doth with his lofty and shrill sou  
Awake the God of day, and at his bell  
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or ay  
Th'extravagant and erring spirit  
To his confine, and of the truth  
This present obiekt made probat  
*Mar.* It faded on the crowing  
Some say that euer gainst that fennel  
Wherein our Sauours birth is c  
This bird of dawning singeth all  
And then they say no spirit dare  
The nights are wholsome, then  
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power